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NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Where as it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national law, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens, and to believe the republican form of Government to be the object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpolluted we are imperatively called upon to admit no other peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger's indiscriminate right to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution as the prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, a cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization laws by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws: the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall all advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes the superior qualities, in our minds, the superior rights, in our eyes, of the native born American. Acting under these general principles, we must be united, one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political opinion; and to be national, we must cherish the entire and radical principles introduced by the fathers of our country, and we must win them back again.

Religiously entering into these sentiments, we solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the American people should unite as brethren, to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period, when the destinies of the nation are at stake, and the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens from every ship that blows its sails against the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight with this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion; and her character as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization laws.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Government.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong, who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, in the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with, and form a part of, such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Seventh. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Eighth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Ninth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

NOTICE.—Native American Cause, and "The Native American." The Native American Association of the United States, has been in existence nearly three years, and has already near 1,000 subscribers. In many places, our doctrines have found ardent and able friends—but to accomplish our patriotic ends, so that we may rely upon ourselves for the blessings of peace, and in the peril of war, it will be necessary for all to take a part, and promptly separate the birthrights of our own people from the indiscriminate pretensions of the paupers and outcasts of the Old World.

We therefore invite our Countrymen throughout the Union, to form Auxiliary Associations, and to memorialize Congress for the repeal of the Laws of Naturalization.

Our newspaper is published weekly, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per annum, payable in advance. We are of no party in Politics or Religion, but embrace men of all creeds and faiths.

Our motto is—"Our Country, always right; but right or wrong, our Country."

As every man in the Union who loves the land of his birth is interested in the principles we advocate, we hope each one will voluntarily put forth his hand to help our honest labors, and occasionally cheer us with the cry of "God speed the cause."

Newspapers of all parties throughout the country are requested to give this notice a few insertions, and persons desirous of becoming subscribers, correspondents, or contributors to the paper, are requested to address JAMES C. DUNN.

By order of the President and Council.
T. D. JONES,
Secretary of the Nat. Amer. Association of the U. S.,
Washington City, Feb. 12, 1840.

POETRY.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY DR. C. C. COX.

Fling out our flag from the gallant mast,
Let the shout of the crew be heard,
While the barque that we ride, is flying fast,
O'er the sea, like a mountain bird!
Let it rest on the breast of the glorious sun,
When the sky grows calm at noon—
And on let it do, when the day is done,
In the sheen of the silvery moon!

For it breathes a charm in that tender light
Through the skyward sailor's eye—
While he looks on Peace as she nestles bright
Mid the stars and stripes on high—
It speaks to the heart of his mountain home,
Where in quiet it long shall wave,
And knows that his sons are free if they roam—
If dead, in a freeman's grave!

Let it stray through the night on that lofty spire,
And talk with the midnight star—
For the heavens will glow with a warmer fire,
To gaze on its face afar—
They will hail its lights as kindred all,
Long sent from the parent sky,
To laugh in scorn o'er the Tyrant's fall,
And beam where the Tyrants die.

Let it float, till the last great day of Time,
And proud, o'er a falling world,
Far up in its own congenial clime,
Triumphantly hang unfurled—
And when this fair earth shall no more be given
For the home of its stars so bright,
May they turn in love to their native heaven,
And dwell in eternal light!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN IMPROVEMENT.

"It is clear enough, as I before observed, that steam is bringing on a new era. It seems as if the people here were all crazy. Nothing is unprojected. I have mentioned the line between Liverpool and Boston, via Halifax; that is settled, and no more is said of it. But now it is reported that we are to have a line of superb iron boats between Glasgow and New York, of a construction and power which it is confidently believed will accomplish the voyage in ten days regularly. All eyes, of course, are open for the *British Queen*, as another scene in this grand bewildering drama. Again, a New Orleans paper intimates that there is to be shortly a direct steam communication between that city and Liverpool, and that there is at this moment a steam ship on the stocks in the latter port, which will be launched in time to make her first voyage next fall. These are signs of the times. They indicate, as I intimated, a new era—a complete commercial revolution, among other things; but much more of course.

"Look at the personal intercommunication between the two continents, and consider the effect of that in all its bearings. Let it be understood, however, that it is not the mere steam facilities of themselves that seem to aid locomotion among all classes; but the *spirit of steam*, so to speak, wakes up every thing else. Those who cannot travel in a steamboat must travel in some other way. Those who cannot cross the Atlantic, are yet bent upon locomotion. The world, in a word, is rubbing its eyes open. This whole continent, as I have before remarked, never presented, could one survey its vast surface, such a strange exciting spectacle of activity and agitation of body and mind. No body is content with the old rate or ratio of doing things. It would seem as if the very steamboats themselves had put new courage on, and that they were multiplying their forces by almost supernatural means. You estimated the boats on Lake Erie last season at forty, whereas they are now seventy. The style in which those mighty inland seas are now hourly traversed by these floating palaces, as Crockett says, 'a caution'—a caution for people to be prepared for all things, and to disbelieve nothing. The steamer *Cleveland* made the passage recently from Detroit to Buffalo, (three hundred miles,) with one hundred passengers, in twenty-one and a half hours. And at something like this rate they are flying up and down the Mississippi.

"I have alluded to the increase of personal communication between England and America. It was predicted, you are aware, that the new steamers would supersede the old liners at once. But, behold the operation of steam! It has filled up not only its own vehicles, but *all the others*. The packets—and there are fifty of them—to and from New York, were never so crowded, and in the steerage, as well as the cabin; and the same is true of all the 'transient vessels.' The Old world would seem literally to be swarming. In May came about twelve thousand passengers to New York alone. Of these, probably, three-fourths were British."

After alluding to the vast increase of lines of canal, road, and railway, in the aggregate amounting to 4940 miles, in course of construction, the writer proceeds to speak of manufactures:

"A Poughkeepsie man has lately introduced what is here considered an improvement in pin-making. The old fashion of managing the heads you are familiar with; but here the wire of which the pins are made is taken into the machines, and the process of making the pins with solid heads, all from the wire, is completed by the machines, leaving nothing to be done, except the washing, and placing them upon papers. So, you see, we are in a fair way of making our own pins; and, I believe, the same may be said of buttons. It is but a few years since the latter were imported almost entirely. At present, nearly a sufficient supply for the United States comes from a single establishment in a Massachusetts village. This employs some hundred girls, and turns out one thousand gross of all varieties, daily. It is said, also, that we are making progress in the manufacture of musical instruments. About ten thousand pianofortes yearly are made among us. In jewellery we have long since ceased to buy from you. The French make some pretty things, which we cannot yet do without.

"I was speaking of westward emigration. Before forgetting the subject, I should say a word of Texas. You have not heard much lately of that region, but it has not been idle. I think it was Talleyrand who remarked, that in America the same social revolutions were to be followed in space, which in other and older countries were to be followed in time. As we go West, for the most part, it is the same as for you to live over the past. We have all the processes of settlement and civilization continually going on

as in some great manufacture where every part of the business is done in rooms and stories. The moment, is this same Texas. There are now five steamers weekly between Orleans, and six daily between Galveston. But hear what to say!"

"Eighteen months ago, Galveston did not contain twenty inhabitants; now it has near two thousand. Two years ago this city was a naked prairie; it has now between three and four thousand inhabitants. But our prosperity is not confined to the coast and our seaport towns; there were on the road between here and Washington, eighteen months ago, but three houses; there are now thirty-seven, and rapid preparations are making for others. The population between Washington and Lagrange has increased fourfold, and Lagrange, which at that time had never been thought of for a town, now contains a population of four or five hundred; and Rutersville, only five miles from Lagrange, which was laid off only six months ago, now contains about three hundred. On the Colorado river, between Lagrange and Bastrop, there were about a dozen houses, now there are between two and three hundred. Bastrop at that time contained twenty houses; it has now two hundred, and many of them equal to the best in Houston. The settlement above Bastrop, on the Colorado river, then consisted of about eight or ten families; it is now one of the thickest in Texas. Many of our planters are putting in large crops of cotton, and twice as much will be produced this season as has ever been before raised in the country."

"So westward the star of empire holds its way!"

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.

Mr. Ebenezer Chase was a private in the New Hampshire militia, which relieved the Pennsylvania line at West Point in 1780, when those troops, being veteran, were wanted elsewhere. Mr. Chase, with several others, being off duty, was on the shore of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When General Washington assigned the command of West Point, he left his own barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the east shore, for the accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of his desertion, Gen. Arnold rode down to the shore from his headquarters at Robinson's farm, very fast, as was his custom—threw the reins to his attendant, and ordered the barge to be manned. He then directed his course toward the Point, but on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a course down the stream, and move very swiftly through the water.

The explanation was afterward made by the boatmen. He hoisted a flag of truce and told them to pull for the Vulture sloop-of-war which lay below, saying that he had some business with her captain, and promised, if they would row him down to her as soon as possible, to give them a guinea and a gallon of rum each. On nearing the Vulture, and being in range of her guns, Arnold opened his plan, saying, "I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough," and declared if they would go with him they should have double pay, and be made sergeants in the British service. One of the men replied that "he did not understand fighting on both sides." "Then," said the General, "you are prisoners."

When they came alongside the sloop-of-war, Arnold ascended the deck, and was received by the marines with presented arms. He then ordered his men to come on board as prisoners of war. One of them, who had been their spokesman just before, said "It was a shabby trick, as they had toiled to their utmost strength to get the boat along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners to boot." The English captain heard their murmurs, and stepping forward, observed—"General Arnold I command this ship, and while I walk this quarter-deck no such transaction shall take place. I know the meaning of my words, sir, and will meet their comment." Then addressing the men, he continued—"My good fellows, I respect your principles and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your King. You shall have the liberty to go or stay, as you please. Here," taking them from his purse, "are your guineas; steward, put up four gallons of rum for these men." The boatmen thanked the gallant and generous sailor, and returned in safety to headquarters to report their proceedings to General Washington, who had just arrived in camp. Arnold, chagrined and enraged, retired without uttering a word, to the cabin of the sloop-of-war.

This statement was made by Mr. Chase, about a fortnight before his death, 1831. He also stated that he saw Major Andre going to execution, riding in the centre of a troop of eight horses.

Arnold, before his escape, had received information that 'John Anderson,' the name with which he had filled Andre's pass, was taken. The information was sent him by the unfortunate person himself. This determined his purpose for sudden flight. He was afterwards distinguished for the inveteracy with which he carried on his predatory warfare against the property of his fellow-countrymen. After the war he went to England, where, although he received countenance of the British Government, his good intentions in his unsuccessful plot against the liberties of his country were dispised by the British officers. The unfeeling wretch called upon the widowed mother and sister of his unfortunate victim (Andre.)—The servant announced to them the name of General Arnold; and they immediately returned a message that they did not desire to see him.

"Dick," inquired the maid, "have you been after that Salaratus?" "No, I haint." "If you don't go quick, I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I am engaged to Deb."

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed, "by St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

MY LOVE.

BY COLERIDGE.

Aid, lovely Fancy! aid the poet's dream,
With fairy wand; O bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes,
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestow'd;
When, as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve convuls'd the electric dart.

Spirit of Love! ye heard her name! obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair,
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment around my fair,
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music voyaging the breeze.

Spirits! to you the infant Maid was given,
Found by the wondrous alchemy of heaven:
No fairer maid does Love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye—
Love lights her smile—in joy's red nectar dips
His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
She speaks; and hark, that passion-warbled song:
Still fancy! still that voice those notes prolong,
As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
Shall wake the softest echoes of heaven's halls.

O, (have I sigh'd,) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeable god!
A flower entangled arbut won't I see
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam,
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brow.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
I 'd fan my love, I 'd be the evening gale;
My turn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!
On a saphire woe I 'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soa'r aloft to be the spangled eyes,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

JACQUELINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field—[Shakespeare.]

"Dear mother, is it not the bell I hear?"
"Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers.
It is Sunday to-day."

"I had forgotten it. But now all days are
alike to me. I hark! it sounds again—louder—
louder. Open the window, for I love the sound.
There; the sun shine and the fresh morning air
revive me. And the church-bell—oh! mother—
it reminds me of the holy Sabbath mornings
by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful!
Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the
curtain back that I may see the green trees and
the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear
mother."

It was a bright cloudless morning in August.
The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight
breeze wafted to the sick chamber of Jacqueline
the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves,
and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She
had been raised up in bed, and, reclining upon
the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet
scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer
book, and then turned away to hide a tear that
stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed
herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung
around her neck, and opened the silver clasps
of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly
absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved, but
no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn
voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and
then the confused response of the congregation,
dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long
the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke
upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and
indistinct; then it became more earnest and
enthralling, as if interceding, and imploring pardon
for sin; and then arose louder and louder, full,
harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of
praise to heaven, and suddenly ceased. Then
the sweet tones of the organ were heard—trem-
bling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher,
and filling the whole air with their rich melo-
dious music. What exquisite accents! what
noble harmonies! what touching pathos! The
soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more
ardent devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven
in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled on-
ward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling up-
ward in a full burst of rapturous devotion! Then
all was hushed again. Once more the low sound
of the bell snote the air, and announced the ele-
vation of the host. The invalid seemed en-
tranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside
her—her hands were clasped—her eyes closed—
her soul retired within its secret chambers.
Then a more exultant peal of bells arose.
The tears gushed from her closed and swollen
lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her
dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression
of deep adoration and penitence upon an image
of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the
foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in
prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest
resignation. She seemed to ask only that
she might die in peace and go to the bosom of
her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window,
with her face concealed in the folds of the cur-
tain. She arose, and going to the bedside of
her child, threw her arms around her and burst
into tears.

"My dear mother, I shall not live long; I
feel it here. This piercing pain—at times it
seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe."

"My child, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All
tears, and pain, and sorrow will be over. The
hymn of adoration and entreaty I have just
heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next
Sabbath, mother, kneel again by that window
as to-day. I shall not be here upon this bed of
pain and sickness; but when you hear the so-
lemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching
tones that wing the spirit up to God, think,
mother, that I am there—with my sweet sister
who has gone before us—kneeling at our Sa-
viour's feet, and happy—oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply—her
heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Annie
died. Poor child, she was so young and beau-
tiful! I always pray that I may die as she did.
I do not fear death as I did before she was taken
from us. But oh—this pain—this cruel pain—

it seems to draw my mind back from heaven.
When it leaves me I shall die in peace."
"My poor child! God's holy will be done!"
The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber.
The excitement was over, and exhausted nature
sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed
were a widow and her sick daughter, from the
neighborhood of Tours. They had left the
banks of Loire to consult the more experienced
physicians of the metropolis, and been directed
to the *Maison de Sante* at Auteuil, for the bene-
fit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health
of the suffering but uncomplicated patient grew
worse, and it soon became evident that the closing
scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious;
and toward evening she expressed a wish to re-
ceive the last sacraments of the church. A
priest was sent for; and ere long the tinkling of
a little bell in the street announced his approach.
He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the
consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with
the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from
his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a
little bell, whose sound announced the passing
of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the
rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax
tapers, formed a short and melancholy proces-
sion. They soon entered the sick chamber, and
the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red
light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell
rays through the open window. The vessel of
oil, and the vase containing the consecrated wa-
fer, were placed upon the table in front of a cru-
cifix that hung upon the wall, and all present,
excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their
knees. The priest then approached the bed of
the dying girl, and said, in a low and solemn
tone:

"The King of kings and Lord of lords has
passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to re-
ceive him?"

"It is, father."

"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"

"Holy father, no."

"Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be
forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of
life."

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he
waved his hand for them to retire, and was left
alone with the sick girl. He seated himself be-
side her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the
confession mingled with the murmur of the
evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the
curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene.—
Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess; a se-
cret thought or two toward the pleasures and
delights of the world; a wish to live, unuttered,
but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit
seemed to resist the wise providence of God;—
no more. The confession of a meek and lowly
heart is soon made. The door was again open-
ed; the attendants entered, and knelt around the
bed, and the priest proceeded:

"And now prepare thyself to receive with
contrite heart, the body of our blessed Lord and
Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord
Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit,
and born of the Virgin Mary?"

"I believe."

"And all present joined in the solemn response,
"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Father is God,
that the son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is
God; three persons and one God?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on
the right-hand of the Majesty on high, whence
he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that by the holy sacra-
ments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee,
and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal
life?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all
who have offended thee in thought, word, or
deed?"

"I pardon them."

"And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy
neighbor for all offences thou hast committed
against them, either in thought, word, or deed?"

"I do."

"Then repeat after me: O Lord Jesus, I am
not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Ma-
jesty should enter this poor tenement of clay;
but according to thy holy promises, be my sins
forgiven, and my soul washed white from all
transgression."

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the
vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying
girl, and while the assistant sounded the little
silver bell, said:

"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat
animam tuam in vitam eternam."

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts
and responded in one solemn voice:

"Amen!"

The priest then took from the silver box on
the table a little golden rod, and dipping it in
holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands,
feet, and breast, in the form of the cross. When
these ceremonies were completed, the priest and
his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone
with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion
caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-
like sleep.

"Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The long twilight of the summer evening stole
on, the shadows deepened without, and the
night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick cham-
ber; but still she slept. She was lying with
her hands clasped upon her breast; her pallid
cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless
lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep
of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence
of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy
and sunken eyelid—not a trembling of the lip—
not a shadow on the marble brow told when the
spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world
than this.

"There's a perpetual spring—perpetual youth:
No joint-numbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there."

Coleman being once asked if he knew Theo-
dore Hook, answered, "Oh, yes, Hook and Eya
are old associates."

"A dreadful little for a shilling!" said a pe-
nurious fellow to a physician who had just dealt
him out an emetic—"can't you give more?"